The Evening World.

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ARE WE TO CHANGE PLACES?

IN READING and re-reading the latest phrases with which Germany puts aside demands addressed to her by the Government of 100,000,000 people, the American mind steadies itself with something of a shock.

Is it then for us to reply? Is it for us to find answers? Is it for us to explain how we mean to escape submarine prowlers on the high seas? Are we to receive complaints from Germany that we are hindering her warfare?

The German Foreign Office is determined to raise its own questions instead of answering ours. This may be density. It may be deep diplomacy.

If Germany's brutalized version of International Law, cabled in serial instalments, continues to be patiently discussed by this nation while, with equal patience, we plaintively reiterate our claims, the position of the two countries will soon be diplomatically reversed.

Have we injured Germany? Have we killed any of her citizens? Are we daily engaged in practices which threaten the lives of more?

The sinking of the Lusitania with the loss of more than a hundred Americans, including women and children, was an act of Germany against the United States—an act for which this country gravely demanded, and still demands, reparation. We also require assurances that Americans be safeguarded on the seas according to rules of International Law as recognized by nations generally—not as revised in Berlin. Even though German submarine commanders appear to be acting of late under orders that no longer ignore the safety of passengers on unarmed vessels, we ask official assurance that this is so and that we need fear no new and horrible sacrifice of American lives.

The injury was done to us. Demands arising therefrom are ours. Are we to insist upon them or be pushed into debate with Germany as to how we shall conduct ourselves so as not to interfere with her practices?

What else do her latest proposals amount to? She would have American travellers use only certain ships marked according to her directions. The Imperial German Government professes itself "unable to admit that American citizens can protect an enemy ship through the mere fact of their presence on board." Has this nation maintained anything so preposterous? Yet the Imperial German Government, with studied insolence, implies that we hold this notion and that our actions must be regulated accordingly.

Clear thinking cannot admit that diplomacy need drag us into irrelevant discussions which we have done nothing by word or act to provoke.

The German Government ignores—persists in ignoring—our demands. Ignores with courtesy and many words—so be it. Why do we not ignore—with equal courtesy and fewer words—all substitutes for the answer that is our due?

A TRANSPARENT POSTER.

CORPORATION COUNSEL POLK decides the Mayor has no power to interfere with billboard appeals to the public to stop the sending of war supplies to the allied nations of Europe.

Advertisements of this kind which appeared recently all over the city purported to express the views of a society which styled itself the Organization of American Women for Strict Neutrality. Some fifty women residents of New York, convinced that the name covered only distinctly unneutral plans of German propagandists, sent a petition to the Mayor protesting against the posters.

The Corporation Counsel, to whom the matter was referred, fails to find any provision in the Code of Ordinances, the Charter or the general statutes which in his view would authorize the Mayor to intervene in the premises.

Nevertheless, the protesting ladies seem to have scored one point—the main one. The offending posters are disappearing from the billboards throughout the city and there is no attempt to renew them. Flaunting obviously unneutral designs under the banner of neutrality does not appeal to good Americans. Public opinion is something of a law itself.

AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

IN ITS exceedingly well filled and readable semi-centennial issue, wherein are many interesting memories of men, books and events of the past fifty years, The Nation, with relish and good humor, tells this story on itself:

During its early days the periodical once published a list of contributors—a solid array—too solid, some thought. Immediately the editor of a frivolous publication of the time conspicuously reprinted the list in his own paper, preceded by the reassuring announcement: None of the following writers contribute to these columns.

The reading public has changed since then. So has The Nation. And in neither has the change been for the worse. On the contrary, both have come closer together by a process of mutually helpful adjustment. And that adjustment still goes forward.

The general reader is more interested in the things that interest The Nation. The Nation is more interested to find and publish things that interest the general reader, to have even its weightiest contributors write in a manner the general reader will find agreeable. Which surely shows health and progress on both sides.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

Why is it that a reformed rake can always get an audience when his brother who has always led a decent life can't get even a hearing?

• • •

A lot of men expect the bread they throw on the water to come back to them in the form of cake.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

• • •

The man who profits by his mistakes is usually assured of a steady income.

• • •

Be careful how you do a crank a good turn.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

• • •

The average man has no difficulty in making his conviction coincide with what he is employed to do.—Nashville Banner.

• • •

Not where to go is the vacation problem, but how to go.

• • •

The only way to get along with an exaggerated ego is to refuse to take it seriously.—Toledo Blade.

• • •

Isn't it queer how often a straight ticket is crooked?—Columbia State.

• • •

When you undertake to study human nature begin on yourself.

• • •

It is never safe to believe a report after it has travelled two city blocks.—Albany Journal.

How About American Breadwinners?

By J. H. Cassel

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The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"NOW, don't be late this evening. Be sure and get home early," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Oh, I'm home early every evening," replied Mr. Jarr carelessly.

"I wish I could confirm the statement," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "But don't let anything detain you. I have a reason."

As he was about to emerge to the street from the portals of the hallway below he was halted by his little boy and girl.

"Say, paw, gimme 10 cents," said the little boy.

"And me 10 cents," said the little girl.

"You children are very extravagant in your demands," declared Mr. Jarr. "It's the spirit of the age, I suppose. Why, when I was a little boy I was glad to have a penny."

"But we want to get something for you," said the little girl.

"Mamma said it was your birthday and she's going to have a surprise party for you," said the little boy. "She told us not to tell, and we want 10 cents to get you a surprise present."

Mr. Jarr gave up the money and went his way.

At the office he remarked genially to Jenkins, the bookkeeper, that it was his birthday and that Mr. Jenkins might pay tribute in any form he chose, so that it was something substantial in the way of a box of cigars or the like.

"I'd be a fine dub to buy you a box of cigars when I can't afford to get them for myself," said Mr. Jenkins, with the refreshing frankness of an office mate and friend. "You should consider yourself lucky you are not in jail after another year of your sinful existence."

"What a flattering chap you are!" said Mr. Jarr. "At least, on your birthday I took you out and bought you a silver-headed umbrella."

"And then stole it from me the first day it rained and never brought it back," said Jenkins. "However, I'll take you out and buy you a drink."

He did this, and the incident was also repeated during the day.

Mr. Jarr arrived home on time, in fairly good shape, however, and, after a meagre and hurried supper, Mrs. Jarr cast about to find means to get him out of the house for a while.

"I've got to straighten up things," she said, "but if you will go out for a walk and be back at eight sharp to take me out for a little stroll I'll be glad. Now, mind, be back at eight sharp and don't disappoint me!"

Mr. Jarr said he wouldn't. And as soon as he was gone Mrs. Jarr telephoned to the Rangles and other friends and told them the coast was clear and to hurry over and help her prepare for the festivities that were to be Mr. Jarr's birthday surprise when he returned.

Mr. Jarr went first into Gus's.

"Hello, fellows!" he said. "It's my birthday. I'm sweet sixteen. What are you going to do about it?"

"What are YOU going to do about it?" asked Gus. "When it was Rafferty's birthday he came in my place and opened wine for everybody!"

"Ven it iss your birthday you should give everybody a birthday present, hey, vot?" remarked Slavinsky, the glazier.

"We'll call it square if he sets them up," said Gus.

So, Mr. Jarr treated. Whereat Gus said that, although he didn't see why he should take notice of so unimportant a thing as Mr. Jarr's birthday, he would also set them up.

Having now placed Mr. Jarr in the position of thinking his birthday was no occasion for a legal holiday, the rest in turn extended greetings and hospitality.

Suddenly Mr. Jarr was minded of his promise to return. It was nearly 9 o'clock.

He arrived home and was acclaimed with joyous greetings by the assembled guests.

Mr. Jarr sat down upon a sofa and regarded them with a glassy eye.

"G'on home," he said. "G'on home. I'm goin' to sleep!" And he did!

Mrs. Jarr wouldn't speak to him for two days, but later was heard to declare that she didn't much care, as no one was present whose opinions mattered. Thank goodness, they were only friends!

Mr. Jarr Has Been Solemnly Warned That He Is to Have a Surprise Party

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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JEALOUSY is the ptomaine poisoning of love.

It is not half so profitable to a woman to be able to converse in six languages as it is to be able to keep silent in one; nor—Heaven forgive us!—half so difficult.

A bachelor can always convince himself that it is the height of altruism for him to refrain from marrying one woman in order to scatter sweetness and light around among a lot of women.

Love is the mental cocktail that makes the world go round; but too many loves, like too many cocktails, are apt to leave you with that nauseating "never again" sensation about the heart.

The first thing a man does when he falls in love with a girl is to tell her all about his past conquests, with frills and variations; and then he wonders why she shivers every time he looks at a pretty woman.

A man is the neatest creature in creation when it comes to a thing like a rip in his wife's sleeve or a spot on her shoe.

The only thing that tortures a man worse than the indifference of the woman he loves is the love of a woman to whom he is indifferent.

The average man is so broad-minded that he can't concentrate his thought on one little thing at a time, and so big-hearted that he can't concentrate his love on one little woman at a time.

In the matter of love, human judgment always fails; and it's just as safe to choose a husband by counting the leaves on a daisy or tossing up a coin as it is to select him by a scientific system or eugenic methods.

Flirtation is merely the frills around the edge of love, and courtesy is the frills around the edge of charity; but, alas! what would this dull old world be without a few frills?

To Keep Baby Well.

By Marion Barton.

(Copyright, 1915, by M. T. D. Barton)

Feeding of Toddlers.

I KNOW a three-year-old pallid with anaemia, consuming himself on ill-nourished blood craving beef juice. His father is able to buy a pound of round steak daily. His mother "knows John needs it." But she won't spark up her maternal knowledge with the nuisance of a beef-squeezer. Poor John!

Any well-trained yearling is completely weaned to "whole" milk from a cup, with extras of orange and beef juice and white of egg from six months on. "Coddle" the egg by setting it, unshelled, in a covered dish of boiling water on the table for ten minutes. Teething babies thrive on grated gold—the hard boiled yolk of a fresh egg grated finely into their mid-day bottle. Half the second year babies need four regular meals daily with strained cereal jellies, one-third jelly and two-thirds milk, with first and last meals; a coddled egg, three ounces of beef juice, or six ounces of soup for noon meal; either zwieback, unbuttered toast, Graham crackers or hard biscuit with all meals and dessert of prune pulp or apple sauce. Last half of second year, babies can digest fresh vegetables and rare, scraped beefsteak or chops, in addition. Second to third year, they need cereals and cream, butter, thickened soups, sugar, more vegetables, larger amounts and a quart of milk.

It needed Herbert Spencer to teach mothers that craving for candy must be heeded. Enormous combustion in childish bodies demands sweets. Refuse a child all the wholesome candy he can daily hold AFTER a full noon meal, and he will satisfy this need with germy "cones" and lollypops. If you doubt, investigate the candy man's till.

I. No chops, steak or roast beef much before eighteen months.

II. No vegetables much before two years; peas, string beans, spinach, carrots, asparagus tips cooked soft and colandered; baked potato.

III. Soup stocks should be of chicken, beef or mutton.

IV. Cereals mean cornmeal, rice, barley, hominy, farina, etc.; oatmeal is too heating in summer. Prolonged cooking breaks up cellulose of cereals into digestible bits.

V. All fruit juices should be strained; all cooked fruit pulped.

VI. Up to six years children cannot incorporate too much cereal for their good. Promiscuous candies stunt—give chocolate, molasses "pull," pure stick varieties and home-made fudge.

VII. Between noon meal and supper slabs of day-old bread layered with butter and sugar beguile lusty runabouts from crossness.

VIII. Regular food and fresh air are Nature's appetizers.

Editorials by Women

THE WOMAN WHO STANDS BY.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

THERE is a charge which critics, domestic and foreign, repeatedly have brought against the American woman. She is accused of being a parasite, a poisonous hindrance to her husband's growth, instead of his helpmate.

Down in Georgia the other day a Governor was asked to save a young man from death by hanging. "If I commute his sentence," said the Governor to the Governor's lady, "it may mean my life; it will mean my political life. What do you say?"

She never hesitated. She answered, simply and as a matter of course: "All right, Jack, never mind the consequences—let's commute!"

In the old days the American pioneer wife loaded her husband's guns for his fiercest battles against wolves and Indians. A human mob is both wolf and Indian in its nature; yet one woman of 1915 deliberately dared its worst passions to stand by her husband in the biggest struggle of his life.

The cynics have seen part of the truth. There are American women who are, in Kipling's expressive phrase, "softlings," who sap the strength of their men instead of supporting it with strength and courage and cheer of their own. But they do not comprise all American women. Many, if in ways less spectacularly splendid than Mrs. Slaton's, are providing daily proof that they are not parasites but the helpful, loyal comrades of their husbands.

The woman who stands by isn't as extinct as some of our popular novelists would have us believe.

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 24—The Rynard Gold Reef Co., Ltd., by Walter Besant

REGINALD—his last name doesn't matter—had $25,000. Also, he was hopelessly in love with Rosie Rynard, daughter of one of the shrewdest and most unprincipled old financiers in all Europe.

The girl loved Reginald, but she loved herself far more dearly. She was too much her father's daughter to be willing to throw away luxury and boundless wealth in order to marry a man who was worth only $25,000.

She told Reginald so; very frankly indeed. And he was fool enough to love her in spite of it. So he went away to make a fortune, in order that he might be able to win her.

He invested his $25,000 in a coffee plantation in the Orient. There he worked like a dog, got malarial fever every now and then, and at the end of a year or so found his land was too barren for coffee growing. He was an out-and-out failure. The prospect of winning Rosie was not especially bright.

Then along came an American who offered to buy the plantation for what it had cost Reginald. The American said he wanted it for a country home. But Reginald learned he was a prospector. Following up this clue, he discovered that there was gold on his plantation and that the prospector knew it. Reginald promptly refused the offer, refused a second offer of $50,000, and hurried back to London to consult old Rynard, Rosie's father.

A Bid for Fortune.

The financier went very carefully into the matter. As an upshot, he offered Reginald $300,000 for the plantation. Reginald gladly sold out at such a glittering price and rushed off to Rosie to claim her pledge to marry him, a pledge she was very glad to keep, now that her old-time lover was rich.

Meantime Rynard formed the "Rynard Gold Reef Company, Ltd.," capitalized at $750,000. Reginald wondered (since the plantation was so full of gold) why Rynard did not keep these riches all for himself instead of floating a company for others to share the profits. He mentioned this to Rosie. She laughed and said she hoped her father had put none of his own money into the company, as his companies had a way of going to smash. She added the information that Rynard would not have formed the company at all if the property were worth anything.

Reginald was not a business man. He forgot the whole financial puzzle in looking forward to his own wedding. He and Rosie were married soon afterward. Between them they had about $20,000 a year, and they lived gayly on it.

A year later, at breakfast one morning, Rosie glanced over the mail before her husband came downstairs. By mistake she opened a letter addressed to Reginald. It was from an old widow who had been a friend of his parents. The writer told a pitiful tale of having been cajoled by Rynard into putting all her savings into the Rynard Gold Reef Company, Ltd., which had promised to pay enormous dividends.

"The mine," went on the letter, "has never paid anything. The company is in liquidation because, though there is really gold there, it costs too much to get it. Unless I can get assistance my children and I must go into the workhouse. We are paupers. Oh, for God's sake help my children and me! Help your mother's friend!"

The Company's Victims.

"This," said Rosie meditatively, "is exactly the kind of thing to make Reggie uncomfortable. Why, it might make him unhappy all day. Better burn it." She dropped the letter into the fire. "What a lot of fibs my father does tell, to be sure. He's a regular novelist—— Oh! here you are, you lazy boy!" she greeted Reginald, as he came into the room.

Cupid's Summer Correspondence

By Alma Woodward

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The Redundant Romeo.

DEAR PSYCHE:

The weather we've been having has not been conducive to Cupid's pranks. At the shore it's difficult to make 'em warm up when they have to go about muffled in sweaters and sport coats, or huddled under umbrellas. The seaside is a desolate place when the sky weeps.

So I am having my own troubles with Rosemarie. At heart she's a dear girl—sweet, unselfish and brimming over with affection. But being plunged so suddenly into the maelstrom of husband-hunting has addled her little brain.

She's such an irridescent little creature and her demure pouts and radiant smiles create such havoc that every other girl in the place hates the sight of her.

You know that my experience with the unfair sex is second to none, Psyche, and I have yet to find a maid who's "popular" with both genders at one and the same time. It's sad—but true.

But you'll be tickled to death when you hear what Rosemarie did to the redundant Romeo. You know he is the same guy that I've struck, as a snag, for full fifteen years. He's as staple an attraction at Atlantic resorts as the ocean itself. He looks mostly like the Apollo Belvedere turned out by Bond Street. His rakish panama, his perky batwing tie and his precisely pressed flannels will never turn to the sere and yellow.

A professional Romeo, with fifteen years of past performances to his credit, is hard to beat. He knows just how to pile up the sand to make a comfortable seat; he knows how to pose artistically, without bagging his trousers; he knows how deeply to sigh—how sadly to smile—and the tragic significance of silence.

He tried them all on Rosemarie. At first I trembled for her. The little hoax looked into his eyes as though she were drinking in his thoughts before he expressed them. But as he neared the danger point a spirit of restlessness seized her.

She jumped to her feet and suggested finding a more remote and more comfortable spot. Delighted, Romeo went in search of it. Remoteness meant success.

Once again he built up his flowers of speech to a florescent climax. And once again did Rosemarie find the spot not to her liking. And they moved.

For two hours I followed them closely. And in that time, it's safe to say, that little minx spoiled a dozen perfectly-constructed avowals!

At the end of the time the redundant Romeo looked like something that has been used as a target in a recruiting camp. Gone was the crisp chasteness of his collar, the acute crease of his flannels, the studied method and scientific application of fifteen years of professional Romeoism—at the hands of a novice, too. It's the same in poker, you know—beginner's luck.

He left on the midnight train. He'll have to go into dry dock for repairs. Father Time will have none of him—he's immune.

I'm enjoying it.

CUPID.

P. S.—For the next victim I've picked the Moneyed Sport.